Short Stories

By Chris Donahue

#1 (was it over)

Was it over? The treaty was demolished. Waves burst against the house as wind whipped and droned. The shutters kept breaking apart. Sounds of howling made it seem haunted. It had been tree day since anyone else came near.

It was cold outside so the children put thirty bags of potatoes as a barrier locking themselves inside. They were allowed to hold one another during this time. Each knew this wouldn't last.

To cherish each moment the two would gaze upon the other's faces for prolonged meditations. They avoided eye contact with the skeleton and would whisper into each others ears of what needed to be said.

There was not much that needed to be said now. Both kingdoms were in ruins. Sharp shredded glass pieces flew around outside. Outside was dark, disorderly and a vacuum. How much time had they left together? All they did was hold one another in almost total silence.

#2 (small creatures)

Its barren landscape sprouted. loud explosions overtook the wide horizon. vultures took off to the sky. by this time the snow had melted and the water had evaporated. there came a sound. small creatures that had burrowed shot out in desperation to escape. the sound dissipated what seemed like hours of silence floated as a single frame loop.

#3 (void)

food crept upon the placemats. The stones remained outside. there was tension among the hungry seagulls. the food wouldn't be still.

A hole in the wall allowed the bird's entrance. Down the hallway there were fluid cries of jovial excitement. a black oozing mud leaked from under the door.

The seagulls took it all in: the food moving under the table, the mud and motion from the room and the competition of the flock.

Suddenly the house began to erupt and the flock had to depart.

Quick as possible I jolted from the mattress. My pajamas were soaked and I was drenched from top to bottom. The humidity was terrible and tacky. It felt like I was covered with glue. Through I could not recall the nightmare I was sure it existed. I had the feverish symptoms. The worry kept pounding, and every actual thing was excruciating. My annoyances began to branch off to certain inanimate objects. The vents murmur was like someone constantly blowing at the back of my neck. I could not see anything. It was a void of space and time without color or light. I flickered the light switch on above my head, but there wasn't any sign it was going to operate in any kind of proper function. I lowered my feet to the deck and began to poke around for my shoes. Things keep changing and I been getting a bit confused I find it hard to retain any sense of myself on a day to day basis all my feelings remain in one place.

The time passes. The place changed. Past makes it difficult to attach oneself to the present. One day I wake up in a field and have a chill sent up my sleeping bag from the moist dew melted by dawn's sunshine. Another day I find myself curled in ball from the cold, praying to be able to leave this hell. With the least trouble possible. Right now is always the toughest. You don't have long to think about it. Every time I try it passes. You will probably miss it. Feel trapped in the reality of the situation at hand. Its not like a train of thought which can leap around faster than any remote control. It is a slow and tedious process.

Before dawn I quickly rose from my bed. My pajamas were soaked. Even though I could not quite remember the nightmare was still spoken up.
I lowered my feet to the slippers beside my bed but thing were not right. Where were They? Could some one have moved them? And to think about it didn't I have a carpet? As I stood I looked around this didn't make any sense. I found that had been sleeping on the bed of nails and that I was not in my room anymore but in a sort of cage. As I swung open the bars, I let curiosity overpower my fear, and walked out. The stairwell was narrow and descended in a spiral. Step by step the footsteps echoed in a hallow sound. Where was I?
Heading down there was sleeping out from the basement. Slowly I came closer, and I noticed a man in the room. I couldn't make him out.

Hello! Who is there! There was no response. Come now answer up you chicken shit! was growing angry
There as rags sleep shoes
Broke in and beat up

Oh come now

While tree mice tweet and tap
At the window sill. The fruit farts

You feeling ok?

And fat pile oh pooh by cavity sweets
With bean dip on the side.

Do you hear me?

Pumpkin craving fairy tailed Sam
A snow herder said

You look tired!

To rotten bits of melted men
If you are disturbed enough to cry

So when are you coming back?

I'll wait to dive when you pass out or die
I'll scarf and share before the earthquakes

Ok I love you bye

And even remember to be back by morn
So fit too sure and such a pleasant summer sun

See you later then Bye!

Alerts are crazy, but so are lazy and meat guts and rib coats and derricks with comb greatness has faltered the good are gone stomachs blue ladies run mad and the insides are held by glue, flame up your nostrils and purr out your souls, I can't hear nor care but will only take one step towards where?

Florid winds blown by you wrote my name in the sand to only have the emotion bathed and washed away.
Time stains reflections on all buried by both our hands, air-minded, to this swirled sea breeze everyday.

Amid scents of sorrow that twisted and turned us to seashell's silent noise with nothing to say, I sang past songs of woe as passionate words burned to ashes floating above to heaven away.
Forever the game plays on fools and the insane being frivolously thrown and tossed away.
Aching hearts dizzy maze with question, who, to, blame, but all in all will all be judged day by day.

As a child I used to sneak out late at night to do allsorts of things. I think it began before first confession when I had a hobby of creeping downstairs to analyze movies I wasn't allowed to watch.

During weekends it was easy. All I had to do was wake up early. But thru Monday to Friday there was a bit more to it. In order to avoid the badgering I would return to bed before anyone woke.
Grandma her voice was little we followed the quiet hedges of hawthorn without showing himself he shuttled again at once with a so called American writing desk white turned up at auction sales hear a wife is only a convince that the best help I can give you she won't do it Montana sky the are sisters.. and strangers. The man who stood over her. Blood dripping from his hands quick work and a lucky rope with a bastard drunk like a pig slaughtered with only I surprised squeal he simply couldn't be helped but laugh as he built the fire slick flesh to slick flesh. In her bed in the dark letting out along through out he moved and the sound of dishes Slipped just like the way her hair rained down off her shoulders

Lord we live in a mist of your shadow light our way towards truth. Lord when chaos encircles let us have enough strength to stand up against the sea of injustice. Lord grant us patience to reach across mountainous walls and milking distances till success has been achieved.
For all those distant may light from stars shine upon their souls for all innocent hearts may light from stars shine upon their souls. For all lost in a maze of lies may light from stars shine upon their souls. For all who brightened up someone may light from stars shine upon their souls. For all incessantly hating themselves may light from stars shine upon their souls. For all wanting more may light from stars shine upon their souls. For all sleeping under thunder may light from star shine upon their souls. For all who have been touched with peace may light from stars shine upon their souls. For all enjoying a summer breeze under a shady tree may light from stars shine upon their souls, and for all still to be encountered may light from stars shine upon their souls.

Great spirit flying across foreign lands and buried inside of even the hardest of hearts lets us cherish every morsel of bread our mouths swallow. Let us gently rake our lawn when dead leaves scatter so sunshine may display life and grant at least a second of relaxation when standing rock still for hours on end.

In the hour of zero three hundred he still could not rest. He tossed and turned in an unrelinquishable topsy-turvy fashion till he realized he wasn't going to receive an once

more of sleep that whole night. Once more he took out that infernal letter that he promised would be burned. The typed words mesmerized him into a dismal trance. Not even yet could he believe his eyes.
After all the work professionally financially and faithfully he put forth for her. He remembered out in the woods. Enthralled in passion hearing sounds of waterfalls gushing, spring birds singing their hearts away, and the arrogant smell of her perfume plum roses
He walked around spellbound touching the greenery, drinking from the cold streams and holding her fragile hand. The prefect moment to propose.
Sure it would take laborious feats to overcome. But the word yes was all the reward he would need. It wasn't enough for her. The separation was too much. Every phrase in the letters he read noted a gesture of her loneliness amounting to uttermost sadness. She needed someone anyone to comfort and be close to her. He became aware when he stopped receiving mail from her constant routine.
If only he had been there in time to nip it in the bud. If he got back to the homeport just two months earlier of the six month deployment. Maybe even a month could have done it!
Useless he sighed turning his head to his pillow predicting his own apocalypse.

Security alert was passed over the one m. c. he sprung from his rack dressed in proper uniform and left his berthing to muster out the weapons. When his party reached the compartment. He discovered one of the doors was unsecured. He signaled to his shipmate to his suspicion. They kicked open the door to an unlit space. They were switching on the light, but it would not work. The party set their sights on a partly lit motion in the darkness.
An unwholesome voice informed them to be profoundly cautious of explosives the loose cannon rigged to himself. The team leader tried to confront him how much damage would be caused from such an erroneous perception.

#4 (reporters and cameras)

Crowds gathered along the perimeters of the corridor. Already some had gone back to work while others cried on the sidewalk. This was sure to make the news.

Reporters and cameras slashed their through the flock. The journalists used any means necessary to capture the story. They hit anything in the way whether it be a bystander or one of their own breed. The needed to make deadlines for profitable commissions.

When each had reached the front row each individual felt injured. Each was sadden with empathy. There was difficulty shooting photographs.

Some had the shakes and could not operate equipment while others could not handle the task and turned away from the job.

It was a sad day yet no rain had fallen. Blood on the walls seemed like a permanent graffiti.

It was all soaked.

No one knew if the alien would return. Most lost hope and simply moved on but a few held candle lit vigils and built a shrine from the murder.

#5 (the can shook to and throw)

As Nate took out the trash,
the garbage can moved. The
can shook to and throw.

He remembered the water-park
and his first kiss too. He saw visions
of things to come. Grandchildren
would sit on his lap. He would
have a stroke soon after Laura
passed on.

Laura had a moss of hair
between her legs and a smell

dogs were a descendent of the
bears who sprang out of the
garbage can.

#6 (intervention prevention retention)

where had she gone? was it me? was she trying to avoid me?

#7 (the work itself is the reward)

I had been shot at, stabbed, my right arm had been removed and had become partially deaf from my attackers pin pricking the inner lobe of my ear. Still I continue my work after they left me for dead and still I love her and I know, still, it is mutual.

I am a thorn in the side of the upper crust of the weasel society. They did not share in my discoveries. These people are opposed to its different approach. My very existence was something some would do the unthinkable for my silence.

My present appearance now is dreadful. The discolored skin and tinnitus almost left me immobile. I know they will not stop till I don't exist. They can kill the messenger because they cannot destroy the facts. The facts can only be bogged down with political economics though marketing swaying emotional fever.

I have never seen my attackers. They only leave me again and again in a puddle of my own blood. It is so difficult to go on. It seems all goals are unreachable and still I do go back to the work. The work itself is the reward. It is a testament to my small part for the greater whole.

#8 (hypnotic snowflakes)

There was no pain anymore. Snow kept falling on the ground. The game had been over for an hour and footprints began to disappear as snow filled their miniature canyon crevices.

She had not thought about love during this. No one was home and she sat at the window watching the snow fall. She enjoyed not being pushed around, but was not aware that she was enjoying anything. She was captivated, by the hypnotic snowflakes.

No one really missed the game expect those who were lonely. Few were lonely because it wasn't night now. It was daytime, just before noon. And a time would come when the city would plow into the playground and empty field. Maybe even her house but not yet.

She had not yet, been devoured, by its jaws. There were bite marks on her husband's commute and her daughter's weekend excursions to shows and social gatherings but not her. Right now this time belonged to her.

#9 (wind and gravel)

There was no one left. Only the buildings remained. All the plants had been wiped out along with the deadly virus that evaporated the life cells. It went to the core.

Even the safe bunkers had been uprooted and demolished. Wind made noise whipping away at torn flagpoles. Dead bodies and tree trunks began to disintegrate. What remained of it was the purple mist de-organism humidifier.

After the mist had passed over there was only rubbish. There was no difference of what was what.

Everything was peaceful. The gravel finally defeated the roaches. Now nothing moved that was not pushed by the wind. The wind governed all now. The wind had become a ruthless dictator the gravel had not expected.

#10 (in bed)

In bed, there was no rest. The curtains fluttered, as they were pushed by the bed. They were not wrestling, but instead tossing and turning.

One heard sounds from the attic, which probably were rodents of some sort. The other imagined a landscape with a familiar person. The person wore a plate for a hat and would draw on their clothes to become a banana of a museum.

Terrified, one shook the other's shoulder. She needed to confess an intimate affair that soon would take place. Colors flew around the air though it was night. Both could not rest no matter how exhausted they were.

"I think my hair is falling out."

"Shave it then."

"Ugh!!"
Replied the other and rolled over dreading the early rise of the partner's noisy excursion. What next? Maybe we need a new bed or curtains? I don't think I am here, anymore. I can escape.

#11 (The Plank)

She watched him dangle. His whole face remained motionless glaring at the pool. She wanted to cry out and distract him. Something, anything! The plank retracted. There was a tear in the fabric of the mattress while she bled. Direct pressure to the wound made the fluid shoot in angular directions from her breast. But she did not cry. He plummeted into the pool below. Her heart.

#12 (remember Ven)

Are you injured? Last time the sun had set and I was apart. Going multiple directions in pieces made it almost impossible to keep composure. It was all circles.

She sat up in a chair yelling. Did she really know what to do?

Figures would disappear between blackouts and reappear in different positions. The only thing that remained constant was the chatter and clutter of paperwork.

What a mess!

If I was a whole man again?

The demand signed documents so they can do what they want. Last time the sun had set and I was apart like this it took Ven's accidents to revive me.

Why the rush for all this!

#13 (power now)

who has the power now? There is almost one side of the road you work on. Next to that is the path you caution. They run beside you. Their goal is where you came from. Each direction to its own future.

Some investments have healthier outcomes than others. Some know how to play the market, some keep it as a fixation. An addition to gambling and risk. A habit unbroken. Sam Perkins thought he was immune to the greed that bleached the small town he resided.

Even the air had an odor that emitted dirty laundry.

He tried to raise his child far from the depths that he encountered day to day. It all fell on him like a ton of bricks. Scandalous souls of soles attached to cement shoes. He knew he wouldn't be able to keep running for long. Something had to be done!

#14 (star rising)

Pale water smeared out of eyelashes.
The gracious waves were over.

Yellow caution is in her eyes.
We gave a shrug; tell...texture
and feel is a

Mass of energy
Lifting our gaze
from the floor to the horizon

As our
Star
Is rising before the Bow.

Its face is reflecting on your face and mine.

#15 (the finely dressed solicitor)

The finely dressed solicitor was not prepared to finalize the sale. Sometimes whets just beyond the task outweighs the anchor. Though he had his speech ready and a year's worth of experience under his belt, the challenge was created when Guards mistook his outfit for a Doctor and allowed him to pass into a restricted area.

Inside the hole there was a man with a tail, a bald and wrinkled seven year old midget with liver spots, who was reaching out for a hug, and a dozen more inmates and security who rushed out to put them back in their chairs while they try to rub themselves on each other but were disciplined. So there I was like no to selling the pitch and quit the next day.

#16 (luggage)

the father had a job as a baker.

the woman had a job as a

nurse. one evening they met

looking across the street

mistakenly holding onto one

another’s' luggage.

#17 (two rabbits)

two rabbits eye one another. Her
body ascended from the ocean
shoreline. The belly was
pregnant with romance.

When my wife came back
with the refreshments I attracted
her attention with a gesture.

we both locked our gaze as
the goddess made her transition
from the shoreline to the sandy beach.

I opened my arms to blanket her.
As she cooed into,
into my embrace, we
kissed as she guided my
hand under her towel.

#18 (Morena) written by Windle McFly Willoughby

Walking now stripped to trunks
to La Marde Puerto Rico
wondering if my fresh leg
wound will burn beyond belief
when I walked past...
a pigeon.
On the beach.
Brown, as if to state birds are
browner here, too.
The ocean only stung mildly.
Because of the salt water or
my mental power of suggestion
I could back-float for the first
time
Meditating.
Walking on the beach feeling
pallid among rich tan.
Returned to Christ reading on
the bench where I left him, but
not before passing another brown pigieon.

#19 (live stock)

A tractor ran over a farmer
in the middle of a street
He had lived on acres
for live stock and
harvesting wheat fields
of mineral oil.

#20 (bucket)

A red and white boy
took a bucket to a lake
then he got upset,
because his bucket
had holes in it.

#21 (Curly Kiwi) homage to Jon the dog

His girlfriend was
Curly Kiwi, She has green
Hair with seeds in it.
then they got married
now they grow a family.

#22 (vacation)

Vacation is coming soon
Whether you like it or
Not you’re going to
Have to spend time
With me so lets get ready!

#23 (she had)

slugs in the moonlight doing their mating dance.
Gooey blobs curling around the other in consent rated summer vacation.
Closing the door between conversations.
Her head was spinning so she tugged at each end of her pigtails.
The pepple was launched from the sling-shot.
It hit the back of her neck.

Ouch!
How you Feel? I don't know maybe
Like we woke up beside another family's darkest hour.

The troubled thing sat on the sidewalk curb.
It was frowns all around.
Facing the street corner she imagined names on each car.

Mine! He is MINE and if he doesn't do it again with wheels and an engine,
Automobiles;
Speed.
Become! its own organic. Calm-pound;
Fall.
Complete;
Fall.
with a nametag.
He did it to me again.
paid a relationship dead. She had

#24 (passed)

Love passed through the fingertips of his hand. The touch of the grains frosted with an eclipse with the sun.
In Baltimore on a side street she dropped him. While tears acted their way down her face, there was another bedfellow waiting back at the ranch
He spit into the air after whirling gusts of wind for an impression on her face. The fingertips slipped over the tips of her just once more.
Only her reaction was different. Night. Its morning time. Filthy; exhausted with a house of swamp heat and blossoming pretension but out of respect doesn't follow her naked ass into the bathroom to take a shower.

#25 ties & lines (dedication to Nepal friends)

Last semester right off the top of her head went up her apron. She looked upon herself. She could shake the tip of her shoulder blade halfway in a shrug and anxiety. Eleven minutes to go and what is before the entrance is someone who knows my friend who went out with a person he flirted with. I wonder if it was disaster. If she pulled a quick u-turn she could fit in the two spaces. Things blurred as the air had become tight.

If only I knew where the shoelace was I did not have to feel the pressure. Where is that shoelace. All life! One disaster leading up to this event. Where is the shoelace? I need to tie the raincoat on this utility belt. Class is almost over and I am so dirty under this uniform I saw images of them with the uniforms and thought of how wanted that mindset. But this is how it feel under the uniform? It stinks.

Lines tie to the Bollards put together bundled up in birds nest. Ships tied to ships tied to piers tied back in time of umpire time-lines of other ships exchanging places by locations. Lines tied during underway replenishment at sea getting fuel and storage of food and classified documents of what remains unknown at the ocean in your head back at school making like its working and waiting to tie it and just feeling its move so close I smell the gasoline.

Lief exprienc'd and how do my friend say boring my friends try and keep me alive wait wait make the exchange and exchange the realignment the is still something to occupy time without consuming without breathing or simply lieflest activities.

Not
Know! Know! Know! In the cause walking citizenship passing whine through tailpipes pumping and thinking about horses carry me. I am heard changing in fast details instead of other manifestation womanifestation parting ways. Yes I hear you. You have answered my question you understand. I am sorry for your loss this too will pass. Do you know people. I hope you did not lose anyone. Anyone who is lost is only part of us. This too shall pass. If there is not enjoyment acceptance or enthusiasm you might want to change some things around. Exchanging the shift with the shift of blabber on in to the fine exponents hunger and rage among the day I am still learning this language I am sorry no my meant to misspell that not I did not mean to misspell that but I just kept it that way that on I corrected on this here so that it too could become in line

Where is that shoe lace! All my Leif?

The car fit between inside the parking area. She got out and ran pushing down on her apron. Why did I wear this anyway. Just as she came to the building a group of sight hit her in waves. Unknown Known Curious Disapproving, Critical Reflective and there that one there she is my mirror. That is who I can turn to and fit in their parking area I can tell her the difference between a rope and a line and we could avoid class altogether.

You signed the contract it is what you make out of it like life yes because that is what it is

She and I have gone now. It might not rain today. I know the regulation but it might not rain. I found the shoelace back in that same class in boot camp why do I keep going back there. Why not. Its not crazy its fixing something and its what people have done for years before they bought into the threw it out philosophy. I get off at seven and don't want to text him again after that. She does not know yet, I found out, he already went to both them were a month before where here last as if I just got my books knocked out my hands.

#26 (Dragonland) THIS ONE WAS WRITTEN WITH JON LONG

Outside. His stomach churned. There, were, street ahead.
Behind; held, the prison.

And belly, dance, r, might, water, fall where the dragon sleeps. The tribe of us;
We can, together. And hang, out
With cats with out fur in penthouses
With wooden floors.
There would not be a ceiling
So whoever could be seen from
Bedroom and kitchen up overhead.

We will see dragons overhead.
And listen to horrible music being
Played. With our heads in our hand.

The dessert awaits. It stands there as dolls on shelves
next to nicknames and flywheels.

I'm not here
I'm in dragon land

Right now, hunting dragons
With some bullshit.

#27 (Whisky Seas) written with Rob Currie

Even the kitchen sink was down the drain. The muck-rakers merely moved the ocean of filth from one place to another but nothing could get cleaned. It was a backed up sess pool of green repression and foamy clouds from stopped up pipes.

In the household, the dishrags, soapsuds, and plumbing sink snakes had become enemies of the state. They were blamed for making the economic situation worse. The leaders of the lake community pack had become overwhelmed with radiation and sugary cancer, so they were forced to fascism.

Although the system could go back twenty years of faulty plungers and defective chemical agents, no one dared to speak up. Maybe it was the lungs filled with fluid. Maybe it was the love of the ideal or just so the funding would not fail. Maybe it was just because all could not strait much dire consequences. The water could clear with low maintenance and responsible consistently but all were too busy buying into the next big trend.

Last week it was wet suits for their electronic pet sticks and tomorrow invitations would be received for the next charity event. All the proceeds went towards a collection to dye the ocean blue and stuff the remaining sea creatures for aesticstic museum.

One woman decided to make a difference and put on a burka to protect her identity. She jumped from a forklift in a salad to a main course. The herd of cattle moved slowly but she kept riding with intent. She had a deflectable swimming pool which could collapse to a rubber ball which she could travel in. The voyage swayed gram-ma crackers and Estrogen juice to pioneer a standard belief system mandatory before birth-giving made liberty slaves free at last.

One ad in her marketing plan got broadcast with a high viral amount of reaching its expected frequency measure. Within the undertones of the visuals and sound waves a message was expressed unlocking false flag operations and pretense. What what seen directly was a maze with which a child with vacant eyes watched a child watching a television in a neat and well organized bathroom fueled by vaccines and niches such as jingles for surfing on microwaves and internet contact lenses.

The best in show was awarded in Bar cell lone aw and all the rest after the ole limp icks. In return the great cowards put medals in their needles to keep the population magnetized in daylight savings!

The meme to murder her creditability was approved and established so they put up Pillars and dry rot gave out avalanches but no one seemed to care because they had enough mortgage payments to distract the worry. Plus they had faith in Jesus Christ would come and save them from red lights, wrong turn and grant discount coupons on preferred loans,

The world became only whores who closed vacant left claims spurting condolences in rush hour traffic gridlock unflattering gobs springing balls typed trailing flavored parcels separately sold. In another beginning sprouted marshes for tents to have moments merry with dunking whips on the seas in whisky.

#28 (delights)

The hour is upon the dresser. Each speech was written in crayon while clothes were taken off. The colors were spread all over the naked bodies while the bodies continued to cuddle. From afar food was being prepared for the oven.

Temperatures had been set by its preheated destination. It was a dead end yet the journey had just begun. Each voice was heard over the device. The more time was spent beside the camper, the more time wasted away.

Just as animals were trotting down the stairs, freedom was air born. Joy had come. The dress was set on fire n its cross and was jerked out of the ground as a way to release the suffering the car accident had on its moment pressed upon itself.

Its landmass flames, contempt, age and curves mixed together and were used as the tonic of music. Mobile devices through traveled rapid as foreclosure plots and living pasts passed so the descendents could enslave the next generation.

The jobs took. Down the hall was where the affair placed n right on the dresser by its employed labor and camp planning. Security went the wrong way down a one way street. So much for the legal system and all the rest of the polished steam works.

Each step does not reverse the process. The purpose has now seized over the river and through the woods where sleeves and bits of fatty tissue are alerted by little fond thoughts. Like going your way to the end hour and there lasts blisters for every mile upon mile added up to a wish. We can lie and beg for a wonderful Christmas day!

Each sack and sock was filled with stock to the brim. Each smile forced fit the trade regulation penalties. Each emotion repressed could be felt once more out of the shower sopping wet before the towel in hand.

Where had all the cookies gone? Did the dog eat them again or was it the man of myth by culture's contradiction. If one could squeeze the stomach so tightly the ground beef might mix or spill out. Any restraint was lost all over the carpet of flesh, sand, and memory.

Fluid made stains on sheets only spit could wash out. In the end none could expect what would happen. The feeling remained timeless yet none understood the context so the kind garden holiday of fruitful delights continued as planned.

#29 (yogart and porkchops)

Did I actually murder someone or was that just a dream? My memory is hazy and uncertain. On the couch with the music playing, thoughts engage on visual levels.

I would give back the payment to those who challenged my brash agony with compassion. Other senses around the self ache with pressure to attend an other place to drink coffee and sweat.

Too much to worry about. Dammed prison and flowers. Dammed this and that. I would like the reader to be aware and grateful for those who call me friend.

Each word written. Each expression. Each unsaid language granting a release from the instaurations used by its own hypocrisy of expression of former proper language in self.

Last night such a horrible thing happened. It shook me out of my sleep. There was a noise like a bowling alley at its peak hour. My eyes opened wide but there was no light and everything was misplaced from where it should have been. I some kind of greasy sort of fluid all about.

It felt like walking in a lake where the lake is filled with goose excrement that burst like fish eggs with each step. I reached my hands around wildly. Could there be a light switch on a lamp?

Nothing! agh!

I tried to adjust my senses so they could help m further in this situation. A decision to investigate so I can find out where I have been all this time. There was another noise this time. It was more mechanical. I could hear a quiet purr of a motorized engine. What was happening?

There was on person an adult from my childhood that taught me to shut up and just simply listen, but I was too immature to be ready. But now I am put to the test. Once I heard about one woman who was shaped like a candle stick and carved out a monkey brain, which, then, that, would solve the question of where I am or maybe I am not here to figure it out. I hear the engine moving closer.

There still is not a speckle of light. There still is no opened curtains revealing closure to what there is around. There is not a giant balloon or a fresh peach we get to eat. there only remains one relationship. One monotonous sound grumbling toward, or is it just my digesting that could have woke me up. It could have been that yogurt and pork chops I could have maybe mixed the two together too fast.

If this engine would quit then I could get a steady grip on what exactly is going on. But if I remember correctly this all was only last night.

Dark things die every moment and in that maze we dwell moment to moment, the human condition, the laugh, and when she brushed up against me I felt a certain cool rush follow through me. I would have, could have, should have dwelt with the bats, the art and horror that emerges. Life.

and have you? are. Life? and have you? are expression. I get to experience this and that. Each and every time and. She did not talk about her lovers but of things she sought out to work on her craft.

How much was staged? How much was fiction? how much was captured? There was no one unlike some one today. there was someone like everyone and then we are here. There are crystals on the moon and we see them, beside you.

#30 (let go)

She let me go. A sudden rush of breath entered my lungs. It was clean and fresh and burned the inside with a cool sensation that just did not make any sense. I fell to my knees and she kicked me in the face.

After lying there for what people told me to be hours, I awoke without pain but still there was dried blood stuck to my forehead preventing me to see clearly.

I began to scream at the top of my lungs so long and loud. There was no words there then only a great amount of the pain set in. She was a sunset. She held what little time she had left and used it all up. I would not see her again and she will be missed. She is missed already. People are trying not to look at me. What a disaster.